



RE: ...



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Chapter 1 by D. Sneki

It wasn't exactly the happiest of receptions. Angela texting her boyfriend, best friend, childhood friend, lover, and fuckbuddy all at the same time. And i do not kid when i mean at the same time; she was going out with a sports jockey while having her sexual desires placated by two people.

Oh, yeah, maybe i should back up before i introduce more people. I am John Wright, school reporter and amatuer manga artist. I say "manga", but really, it's a sad excuse. I've been into Japanese culture for two years now, and have even integrated it into our paper. My co-writer and advertising executive, Kate Holmes, says i'm an "otaku" when it comes to Japan. I... can't say i disagree.

Anyways, two weeks ago, I ran into a strange sight, and one I still question: back behind the school, there's an intersection of the walls of two unused rooms, and trees and hedges grown as walls for the other two sides, so everyone calls it the "alcove". Back there, I saw three strange sketches of complex circles, like something out of Fullmetal Alchemist, or Fairy Tail*. The centres has three scribbled words, like names, and either a star, skull, or strange symbol at the very centre. The names formed a triangle around the mark.

When I stepped closer, I saw the circles glow, and a strange hooded woman came out of the light. She wore a long dress with full sleeves down to her wrists, and only two strips of fabric from the waist down; the whole thing was varying shades of blue and silver. When the light faded, the woman picked up a small chunk of stone, placed it of the ground circle, and walked away while all three circles glowed. It was about forty minutes before the stone turned into a

small jewel, glowing various shades of violet, red, or blue, depending on how the light hit it. Since that woman wasn't around, I quickly ran away, and since then, never looked back to the alcove. I know what a punishment that awaited me.

Fast forward a bit to last week, when the glowing circle had suggested a gathering of all the club leaders to celebrate five years of joint publication and cooperation. Johanna, the

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boss of the Computer Technologies club, thought we should include key members as well; he just wanted to show off his programmers. Liz, the Biology club sponsor (sophomore in college), chimed in with the suggestion of two MVP members along with the leaders. The MVPs would be determined either by vote or unanimous decision. The final decision was the club leader and one MVP would attend. Kate chose me since nobody else in the club could pull their own weight without either being forced to, or leaning on me.

So here we are now. Angela of the Pop Culture Appreciation club was texting five people at once, Johannas was showing others how to hack the school intercom to blast Rick Astley for six hours, Joey and Jack of Twin Pranks (the Practical Joke club) were seeing how much they could screw with Angela, and me with my magic jewel, standing in the corner, feeling like a fool. I took out the jewel to look at it, hoping I could remember why I wanted to come.

That's when the jewel started to shine brighter than the LED lights.

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